

TERMS.
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And weary at the watcher, with her head upon
her hand,
And eyes, intensely wakeful, the pale brow before
her scanned.
The lone taper, faintly gleaming, threw strange figures
around the room,
And shadowy, grim and ghastly, quivering, gas-
king, in the gloom.
She heeded not the phantoms, or the deep-voiced
midnight bell,
That in peals of wild dissonance on the startled sil-
ence fell.
She thought that wakened not the sleeper had no message
for her ear;
Harm to him was all she dreaded - else she knew not
hope or fear.
She bathed his throbbing temples with a soft ca-
ressing hand,
And his peaceful breathing told her quiet came at her
command;
Now the hand, transparent, tending, lay beamed
within her own,
And the fever-vision vanished - fled before affection's
tone.
Now she glided round the chamber, as on floating
pillions borne,
Never pausing in her duties from the twilight till the
morning.
Cooling burning lips with cordial, mingled with the
breath of prayer -
Gently pillow on her bosom, aching temples - rest-
ing there -
All unconscious of her presence - every troubled
breath she drew
And as she in her spirit, deeper than the watcher
knew.
Worn and wasted, nerved and tireless, sleepless as the
eye of day,
Tender she about his pillow, charming many a pang
away.
Only? Nay, she was not lonely, though the world
about her slept,
Though in grand and awful silence stars along their
orbits swept;
Though the majesty of midnight like a mantle o'er
her fell -
Midnight's calm and holy presence with her thoughts
accorded well.
Only? No! There thronged about her heralds from the
resins of light,
Riding on her spirit's armor, pouring radiance on
the night!
More than rest, and more than slumber, the renewing
life they gave -
Days and nights, with sleepless vigil, told her by an
open grave.
How watchmen were the angels, guarding him she
loved so well,
And her heart grew strong and stronger, rapt in love's
mysterious spell.
Life unending, trust unyielding, strength unfailing to
the last -
She labored, watched, and waited, till the crisis
hour was past!
Then he smiled in recognition on the eye that met
his own -
"Mother!" "Brother!" thrilling accents, spoke the
soul in every tone!
The watcher, pale and trembling, soothed and si-
lent, and content,
And with words of murmured music lulled her feeble
charge to rest.
EFFIE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1854.
G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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